

92 Cliffe Gardens

# THE GRAVE FACE OF FUTURE WAR

PROG 422  
15 JUNE 85

\$1.45 Malaysia  
65c Australia  
65c New Zealand  
88g Mercury  
210g Venus  
66g Mars  
10g Asteroid Belt  
110g Saturn  
10g Neptune  
2g Pluto

**24p**  
EARTH MONEY

IN ORBIT  
EVERY  
MONDAY





# NERVE CENTRE

## BORAG THUNGG, EARTHLETS.

There are some alien editors in the galaxy – no names mentioned – who would have looked at this zarjaz prog and been satisfied. "Cop a load of this!" they'd have cried. "Anderson, Slaine, Judge Dredd, Rogue Trooper, Strontium Dog... what a comic!" I, however, being truly mighty, decided to add the finishing thrill-powered touch – a ghafflebette all-colour scan of one of the most electrifying characters from *The Ballad Of Halo Jones*! Now it is a cosmic comic! Unfortunately, I cannot remember the character's name, or even why I wanted a laser scan of it in the first place. In fact, I'm not 100% sure that the character was actually in my Halo Jones saga... but I know your circuits will be shattered all the same!

**SPLUNDIG YUR THRIGG!**

## THARG



**BROTHER THARG!**

Drawn by Earthlet Gwyn Jones, Sussex. £10 Winner.



THE BOLLARD OF HALO JONES

Drawn by Earthlet Hux Richards, The Glamour Land. £10 Winner.

### MASTERS OF THRILL-POWER?

Dear Tharg,

Your recent presentation of a free Masters Of The Universe album, plus stickers, led me to think of a scrotnig idea. Why don't you do the same with all the characters from your zarjaz comic? You could also feature characters from previous issues, such as *Harlem Heroes* and *Mean Arena*. I am certain this would prove to be very popular.

From Earthlet Daniel Cookson, Blackpool. £5 Winner.

I have fed your inspired idea into the Command Module mainframe. Watch this space for further developments!

### THRILL-POWERED PORTRAIT

Dear Tharg,

I would like to recommend my mum for the award of a Krill Tro Thargo, due to her devoted following of your every majestic move. She buys 2000 AD each week without fail, and reads it before anyone else can get their grabbers on it, and she always hangs up your Star Pin-Ups and Vid-Scans.

From Earthlet Paul Cox, London. £5 Winner.

Your parent is clearly thrill-powered. Tell her to prepare pride of place in your dwelling for the greatest portrait of them all – a signed laser scan of myself!

### SAM SLADE : SOON?

Dear Tharg,

I have been waiting for *Robo-Hunter* to return to your fab weekly for months. Have your droids been infested with thrill-suckers, or will we be seeing this hero *soon*?

From Earthlet Richard Walker, Co. Antrim. £5 Winner.

My droids undergo regular thrill-sucker tests, Terran, and you will be seeing this hero *very soon*.

### BRILLIANT!

Dear Tharg,

Why do you let people draw pictures of you as a mutant, or a judge, or any other of your characters? I think you are much too zarjaz to be any of these.

From Earthlet Edward McCreight, Darlington. £5 Winner.

Every now and again I receive a communication which displays intelligence and rare insight. This is one such letter. You are to be congratulated, Terran, on your fine sense of judgement.

### VOTE HERE!

Each week Tharg displays your drawings and letters on his Nerve Centre. There are big cash prizes for every entry published, so write to him now! The address is: THARG'S NERVE CENTRE, COMMAND MODULE 2018, KING'S REACH TOWER, STAMFORD STREET, LONDON SE1 9LS.

List your three favourite stories IN THIS PROG on the coupon and enclose it with your entry.

1. ....
2. ....
3. ....

I Dislike: .....

My Age is ..... **422**

### ADVERTISEMENT

## JOKES FOR PRANKSTERS



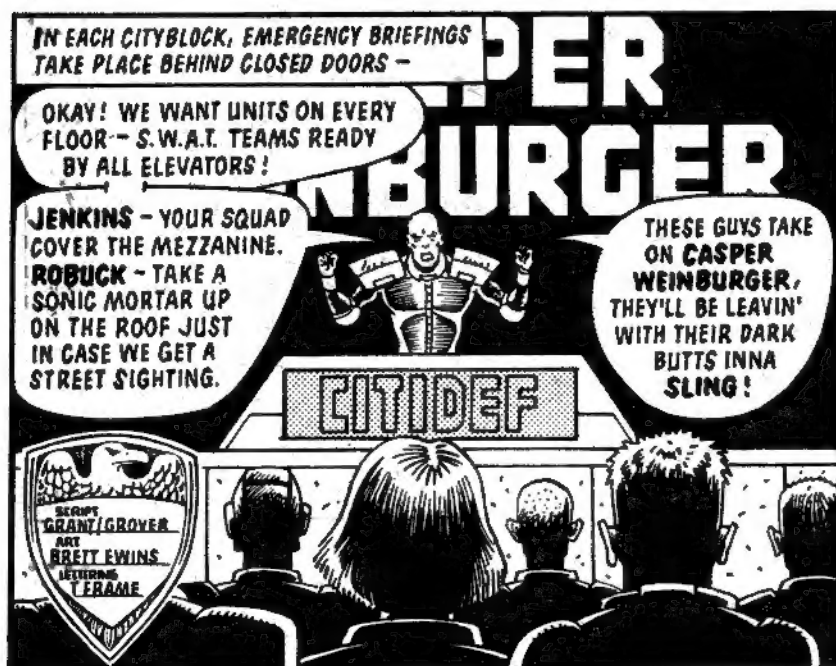
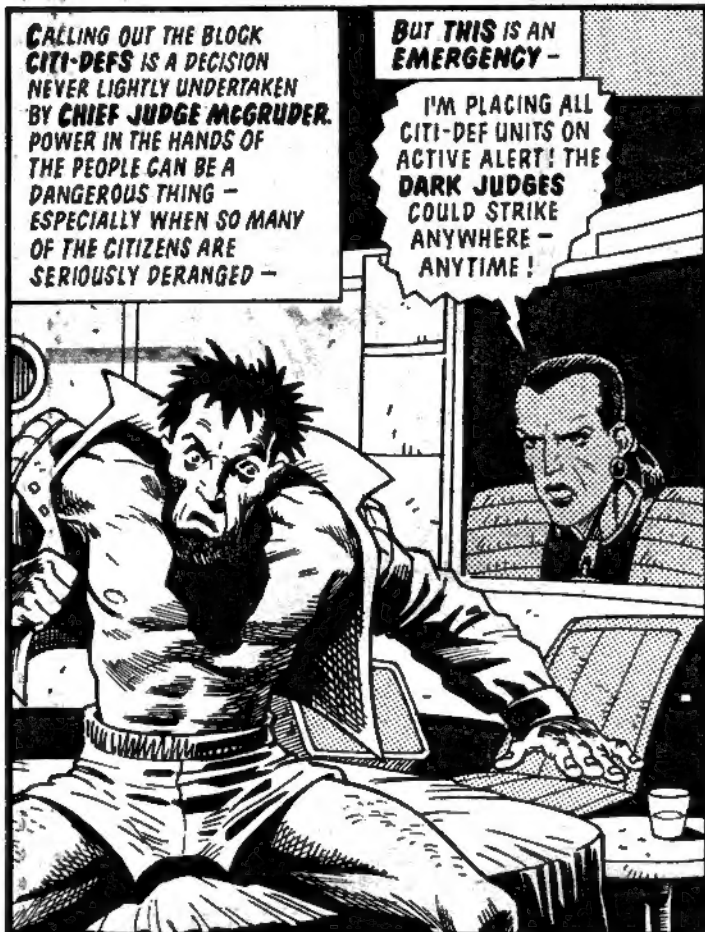
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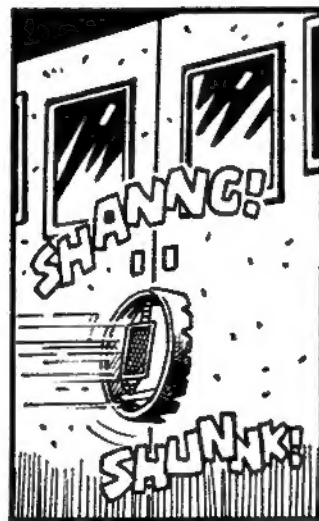
### JOKE SHOP BY POST

(Dept. KA), 167 Winchester Road, Bristol BS4 3NJ.

# ANDERSON **PSI** DIVISION







AND THE SLAUGHTER  
GOES ON!



MEANWHILE, IN HER QUARTERS  
IN THE GRAND HALL OF JUSTICE,  
JUDGE ANDERSON CONTACTS  
TEK-DIVISION -

JORDACHE! THE DARK JUDGES'  
DIMENSION JUMP DEVICE - THE  
ONE IN THE BLACK MUSEUM. YOU  
TRIED TO DUPLICATE IT,  
DIDN'T YOU?

YEAH, WE  
TRIED!

WE TRIED A COUPLE  
HUNDRED TIMES -  
NEVER SUCCEEDED.  
THE TROUBLE IS,  
THERE'S A MILLION  
EMPTY DIMENSIONS  
FOR EVERY ACTIVE  
ONE.

UNLESS YOU CAN  
CHART EXACTLY WHERE  
YOU'RE GOING - AND SO  
FAR WE HAVEN'T LEARNED  
HOW - YOU END UP IN THE  
DIMENSION VOID.

YOU STILL GOT ANY OF YOUR  
TEST MACHINES AROUND?

A FEW. WHY?

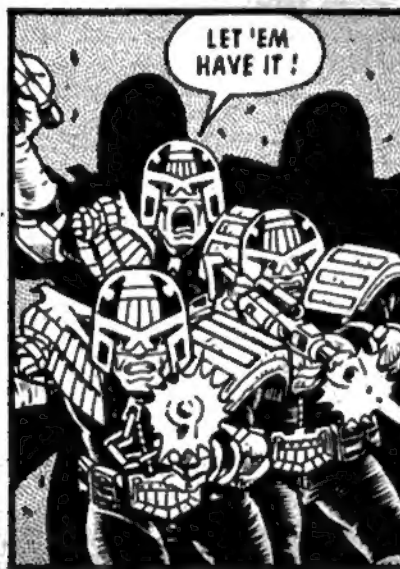
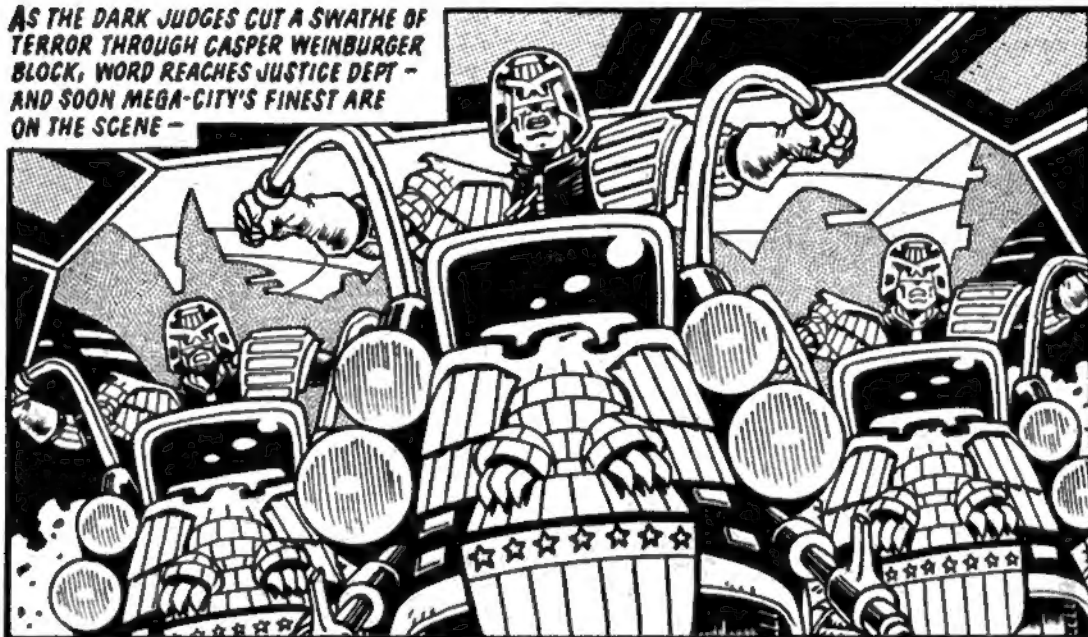
TELL YOU WHEN  
I GET THERE.

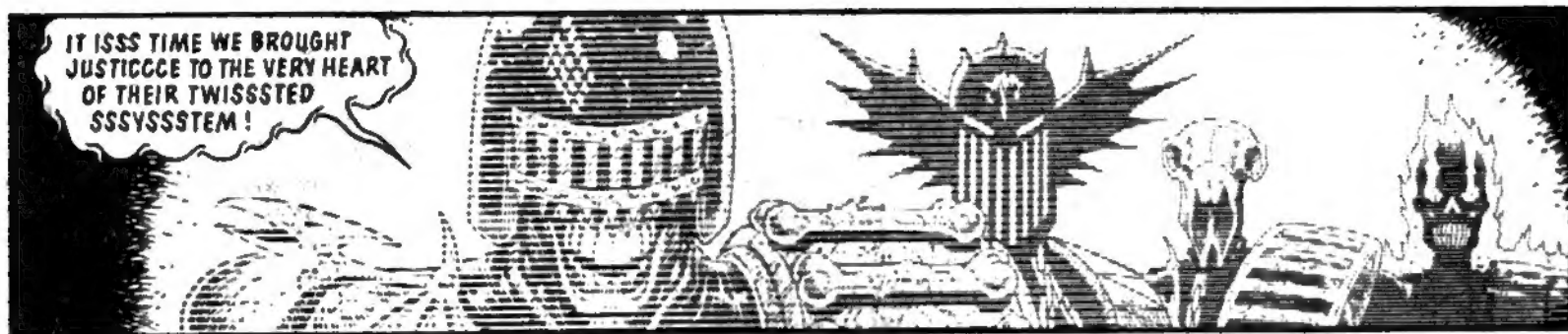
ANDERSON! YOU CAN'T! YOU'RE  
SUSPENDED - CONFINED TO  
QUARTERS!

ANDERSON!



AS THE DARK JUDGES CUT A SWATHE OF  
TERROR THROUGH CASPER WEINBURGER  
BLOCK, WORD REACHES JUSTICE DEPT -  
AND SOON MEGA-CITY'S FINEST ARE  
ON THE SCENE -





IT ISSS TIME WE BROUGHT  
JUSTICCE TO THE VERY HEART  
OF THEIR TWISSSTED  
SSSYSSSTEM!



THESE ARE THE TEST DEVICES, ANDERSON, BUT -

CAN YOU FIT 'EM WITH  
A SELF-DESTRUCT  
MECHANISM?

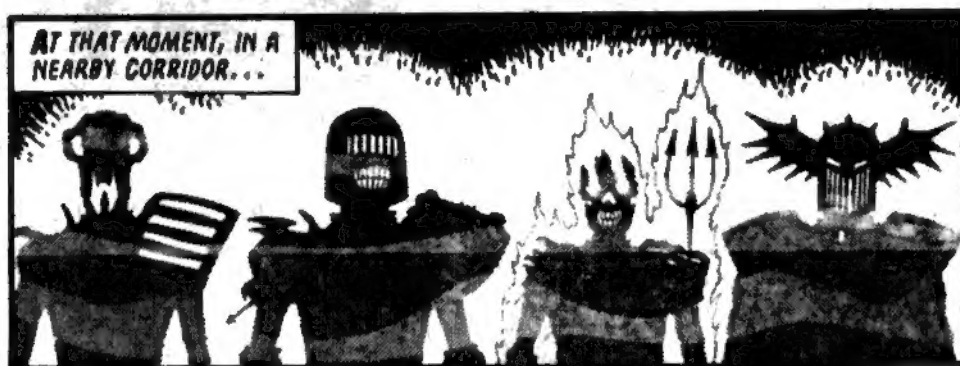
SURE - WE'D JUST  
USE ONE OF THESE  
LIMPETS WITH,  
SAY, A FIVE  
SECOND FUSE.  
BUT -

OKAY, I  
WANT HALF  
A DOZEN.

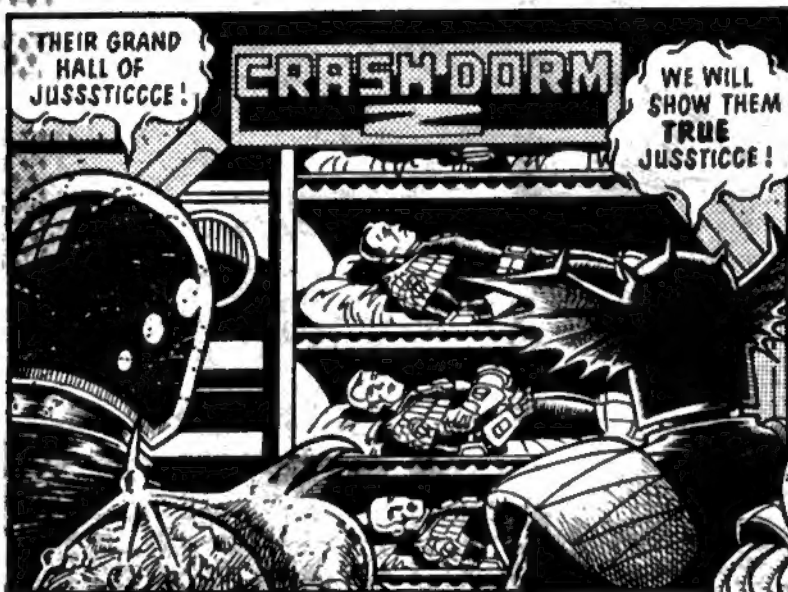


DON'T HOLD YOUR BREATH, JORDY, BUT I  
RECKON THESE GIZMOS ARE JUST THE  
THING TO PUT THE SKIDS UNDER THE  
FOUR STOOGES!

BUT, ANDERSON - YOU'RE  
UNDER SUSPENSION!  
IT'S MORE THAN  
MY BADGE IS  
WORTH TO  
HELP YOU!



AT THAT MOMENT, IN A  
NEARBY CORRIDOR...



THEIR GRAND  
HALL OF  
JUSSTICCE!

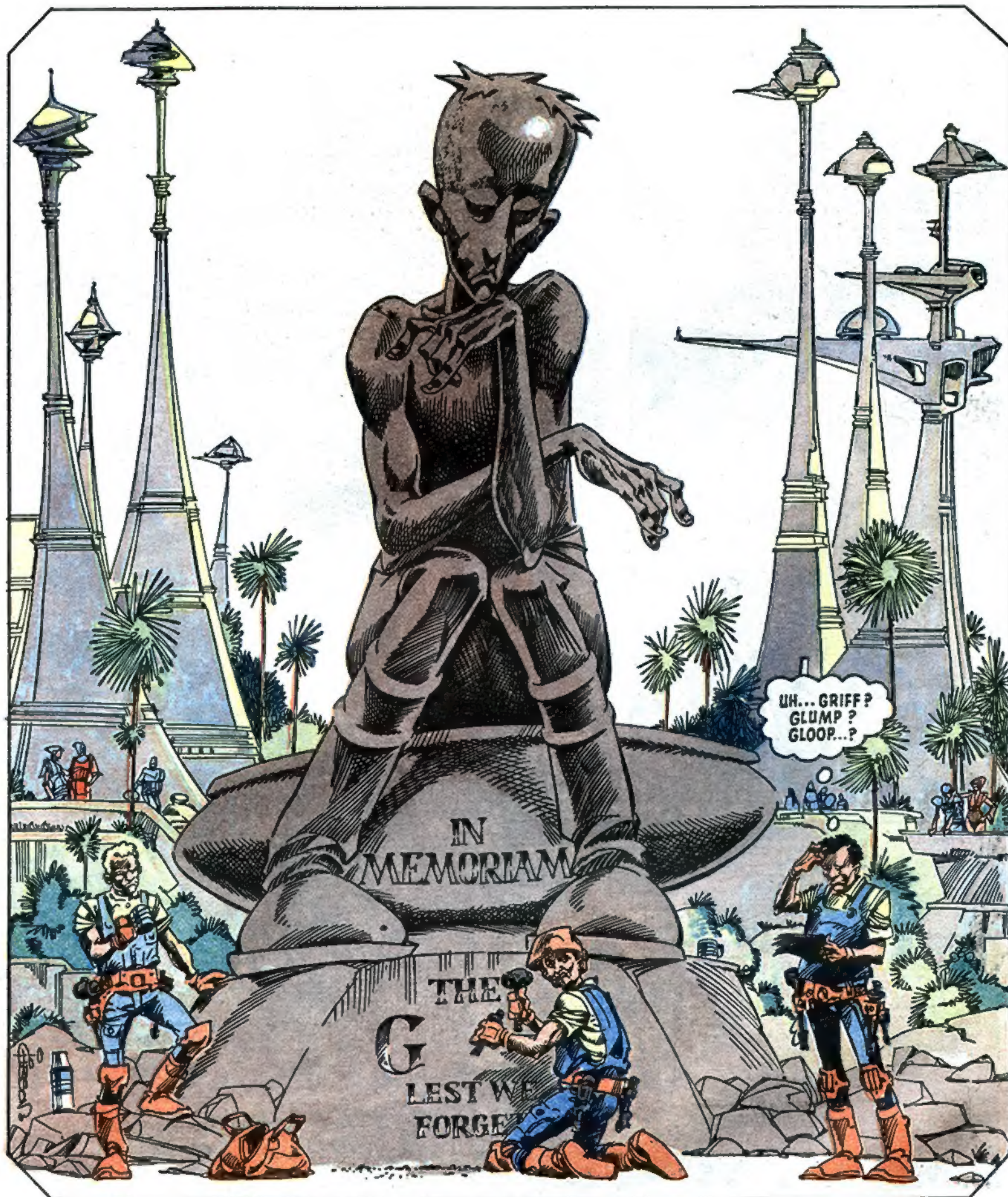
WE WILL  
SHOW THEM  
TRUE  
JUSSTICCE!



THEY'RE  
HERE!

NEXT PROG: **ETERNAL REST FOR THE WICKED!**







# STAR SHADOW

DUNGEONS & DRAGONS®  
ADVENTURE

ART: TIM SELL STORY: GRAEME MORRIS

footsteps in the snow

MORWYN STARBROW (THE 'STAR') AND MATT GREYSHADOW (THE 'SHADOW') HAVE FLED TO BJORNSTJELL, LEAVING BEHIND THE 'HEAT' OF THE SOUTH FOR THE ICE AND SNOW OF NORTHERN CLIMES. BUT TROUBLE IT SEEMS, MUST ALWAYS FOLLOW THIS MIS-MATCHED PAIR. TONIGHT IT TAKES THE FORM OF MARAUDING ICE GOBLINS AND THEIR BLUE-EYED WHITE WOLVES...

MORWYN CUTS DOWN THE WOLF IN FRONT OF HER!

SHE AND MATT FIGHT ON, BUT THE TOWNSFOLK DROP LIKE FLIES AROUND THEM!

MATT FALLS FROM A BLOW FROM BEHIND IN THE HEAT OF BATTLE!

MORWYN IS CONFRONTED BY THE GOBLIN CHIEF!

AFTER A LONG FIGHT SHE FINALLY KILLS THE CHIEF!

MORWYN, I'VE GOT ONE OF...  
**UUULGHI!**

**AAAGHI!**

TO FIND...

...SHE ALONE STANDS AMID THE RUINS OF BJORNSTJELL...

MATT!  
MATT!

...AND MATT IS UNCONSCIOUS TIED UP HANGING BY HANDS 'N FEET FROM A POLE CARRIED BY TWO GOBLINS

A BRIEF SEARCH REVEALS NO MATT AMONGST THE SLAIN BUT DOES FIND FOOTSTEPS LEADING OFF IN THE SNOW...

SHE SILENTLY VOWS TO FIND MATT WHEREVER HE IS!

THIS LITTLE 'N' IL GIVE OL KYBREEKS A BIT O' FUN!

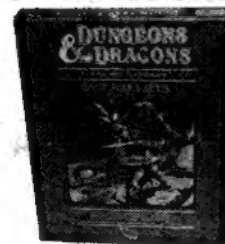
NEXT ISSUE THE KEEP OF THE FROST GIANT!

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AS WE CONTINUED OUR JOURNEY  
TO CYTHRAWL, STRANGE  
ANIMALS BEGAN TO FOLLOW  
THE CYTHRON SHIP...

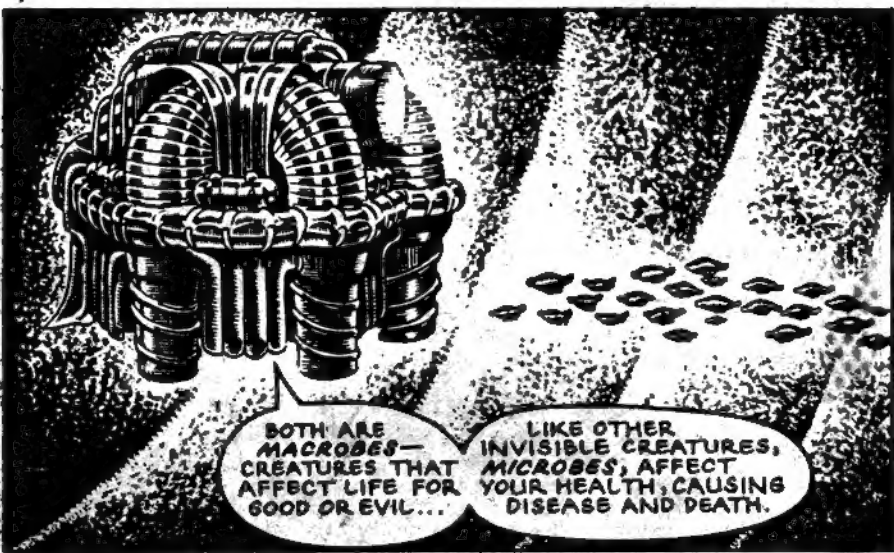
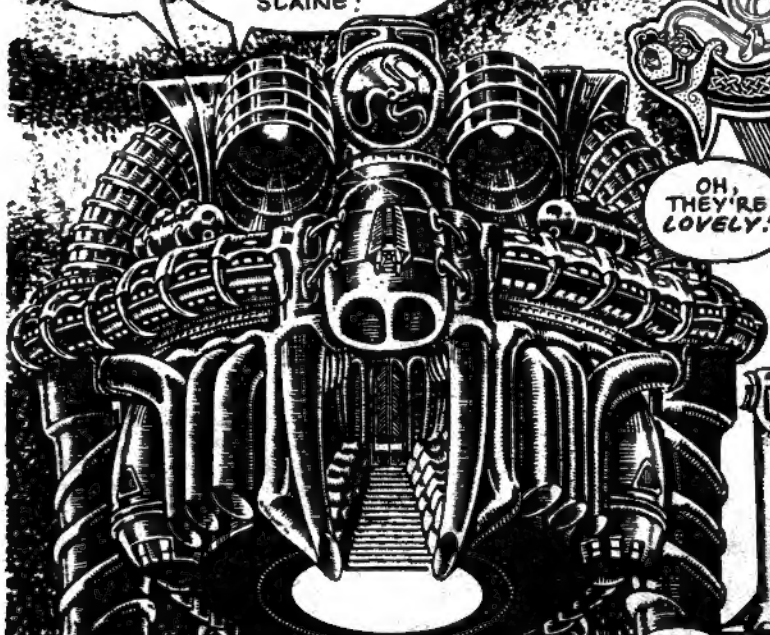
WHAT  
ARE  
THEY?

INHABITANTS  
OF THE MACROCOSM—  
LIGHT ELS! THE  
SAME CREATURES  
THAT WILL HELP  
SLAINE!

OH,  
THEY'RE  
LOVELY!

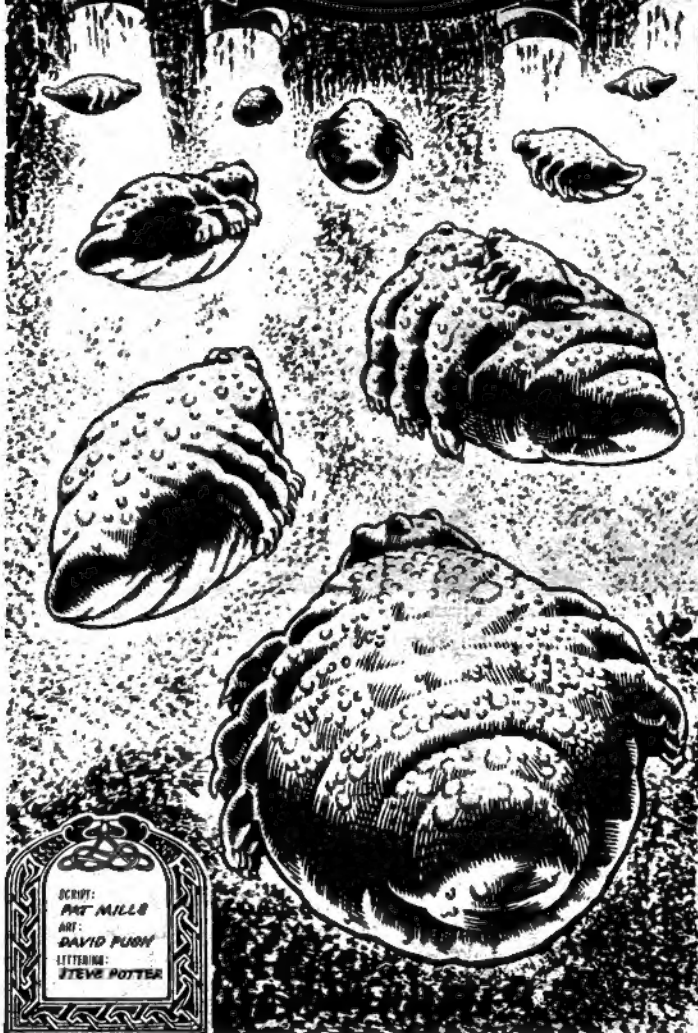
YES—THE LIGHT  
ELS ARE ALL LOVE...  
JUST AS THE DARK ELS  
ARE ALL HATE!

# Slaine



BOTH ARE  
MACROBES—  
CREATURES THAT  
AFFECT LIFE FOR  
GOOD OR EVIL...

LIKE OTHER  
INVISIBLE CREATURES,  
MICROBES, AFFECT  
YOUR HEALTH, CAUSING  
DISEASE AND DEATH.



INVISIBLE CREATURES  
THAT MAKE US ILL? SPREAD  
GOOD AND EVIL? I'VE  
NEVER HEARD ANYTHING  
SO DAFT!

BUT TRUE...  
ALTHOUGH IT WILL  
BE MANY CENTURIES  
BEFORE MEN  
DISCOVER THEIR  
EXISTENCE.

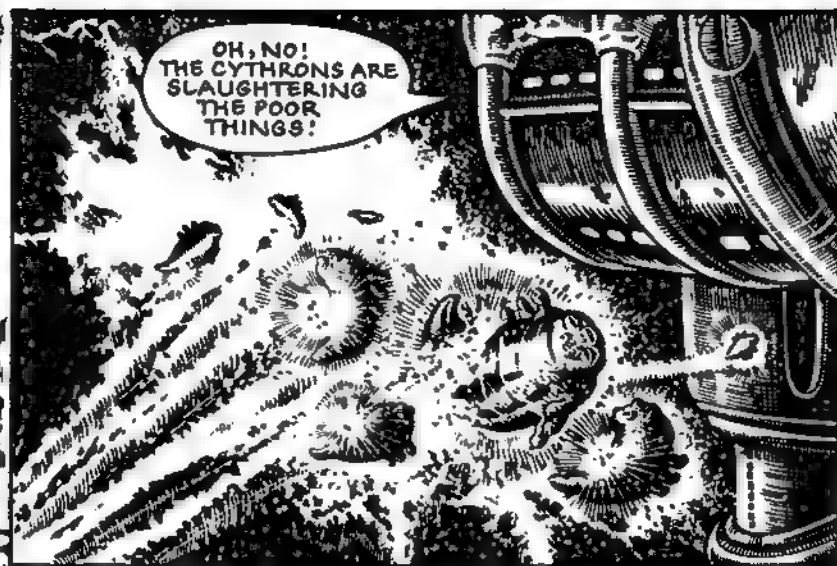
SCRIPT:  
PAT MILLER  
ART:  
DAVID PUGH  
LETTERING:  
STEVE POTTER



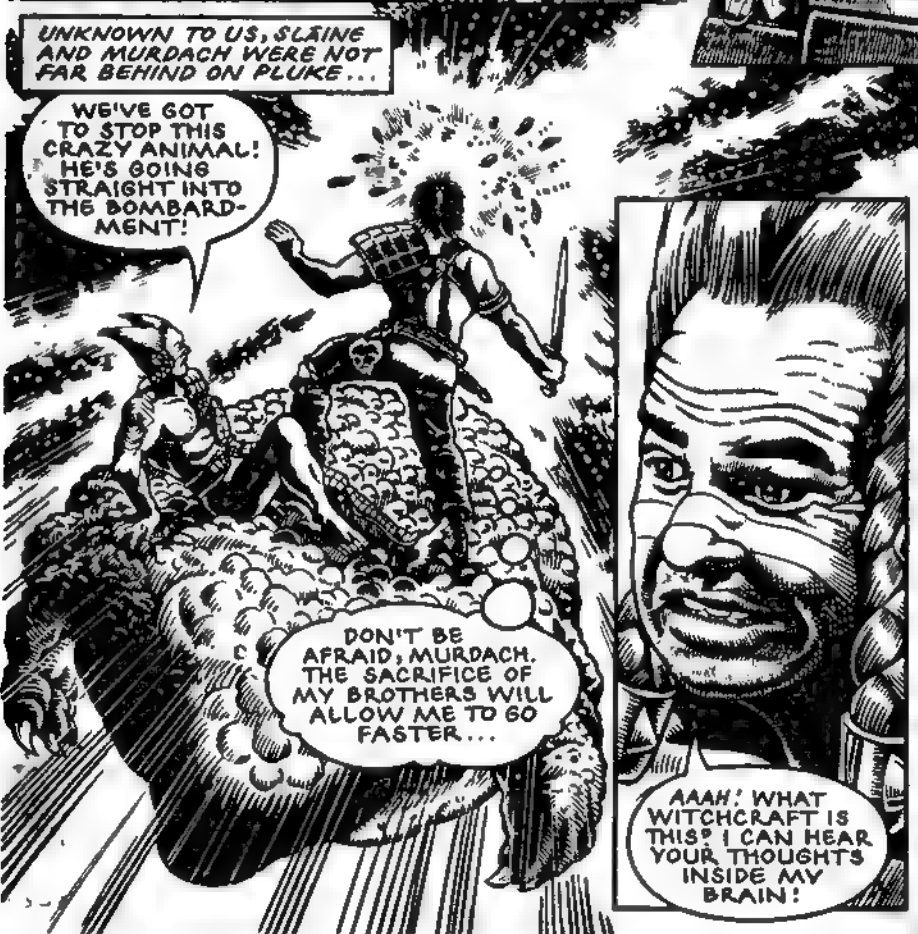


THEN... AS THE  
VENTLA EMERGED  
THROUGH THE  
WORMHOLE INTO  
CYTHRAWL...

FIRE!



OH, NO!  
THE CYTHRONS ARE  
SLAUGHTERING  
THE POOR  
THINGS!



UNKNOWN TO US, SLAINE  
AND MURDACH WERE NOT  
FAR BEHIND ON PLUKE...

WE'VE GOT  
TO STOP THIS  
CRAZY ANIMAL!  
HE'S GOING  
STRAIGHT INTO  
THE BOMBARD-  
MENT!

DON'T BE  
AFRAID, MURDACH.  
THE SACRIFICE OF  
MY BROTHERS WILL  
ALLOW ME TO GO  
FASTER...



AAAH! WHAT  
WITCHCRAFT IS  
THIS? I CAN HEAR  
YOUR THOUGHTS  
INSIDE MY  
BRAIN!



ANY  
BRAINS YOU  
HAVE, MURDACH,  
YOU'RE SITTING  
ON!

I DIDN'T  
THINK THAT...  
IT WAS  
PLUKE!







LOOK!

UURK!



THE WEIRD CREATURES WERE CLAMBERING EXCITEDLY OVER THE ROCKS... FINISHING OFF THE WOUNDED LIGHT ELFS...

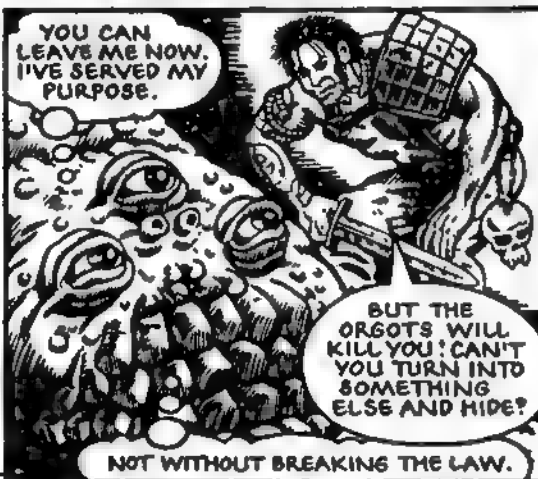
ORGOTS—ORGANIC ROBOTS BUILT BY THE CYTHRONS TO DO THEIR DIRTY WORK. THEY FIND BIOLOGICAL MACHINES THE MOST EFFICIENT.



HARD TO BELIEVE THEY WERE ONCE HU-MEN.

NEVER MIND THEM—HOW DO WE GET OUT OF THIS PLACE?

I'M AFRAID I CAN'T TELL YOU. THE LAW OF THE MACROCOSM, YOU SEE.



YOU CAN LEAVE ME NOW. I'VE SERVED MY PURPOSE.

BUT THE ORGOTS WILL KILL YOU! CAN'T YOU TURN INTO SOMETHING ELSE AND HIDE?

NOT WITHOUT BREAKING THE LAW.



NOW YOU MUST GO. MY DEATH IS ALREADY DECIDED. I DON'T HAVE FREE WILL LIKE HU-MEN.

WELL... IF YOU'RE SURE, PLUKE... WE'LL SAY FAREWELL.

AYE! THANKS FOR YOUR HELP.

MOMENTS LATER, THE ORGOTS SPOTTED PLUKE...

BUT EVEN THOUGH I DON'T HAVE FREE WILL...



ARK!

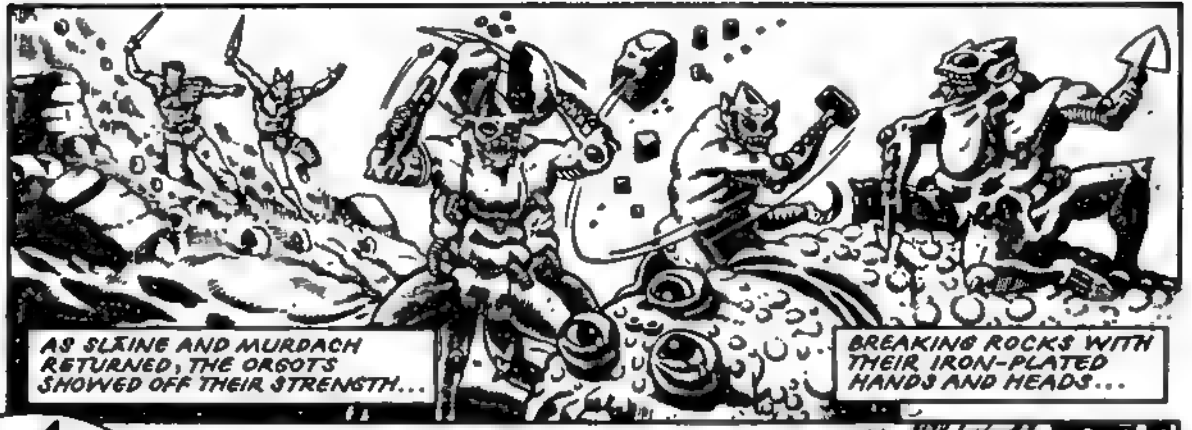
GAWK! GRAARK!

...I STILL HAVE FEELINGS.





OH,  
SOOTH!  
WE CAN'T  
LEAVE  
OLD  
PLUKE!



AS SLÁINE AND MURDACH  
RETURNED, THE ORGOTS  
SHOWED OFF THEIR STRENGTH...

BREAKING ROCKS WITH  
THEIR IRON-PLATED  
HANDS AND HEADS...

BUT...  
BY LUG!  
THE EARTH  
POWER IS  
MUCH  
STRONGER  
AT THE  
BEGINNING  
OF TIME...



...I CAN  
FEEL IT POURING  
THROUGH ME!

SLÁINE!  
BEHIND  
YOU!

RED BRANCH  
WARRIORS  
WERE  
TRAINED TO  
LEAP AS FAR  
BACKWARD  
AS FOR-  
WARD...



THANKS,  
YOUR  
HIGHNESS!

I'VE NEVER  
SEEN A WARRIOR  
AS GOOD AS SLÁINE!  
HOW CAN ONE MAN  
HAVE SUCH  
POWER?

AND WHY  
ISN'T IT  
ME?

NEXT  
PROG.

PAGAN PACT!

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Produced by The Mighty Tharg  
Based on an idea by The Mighty Tharg

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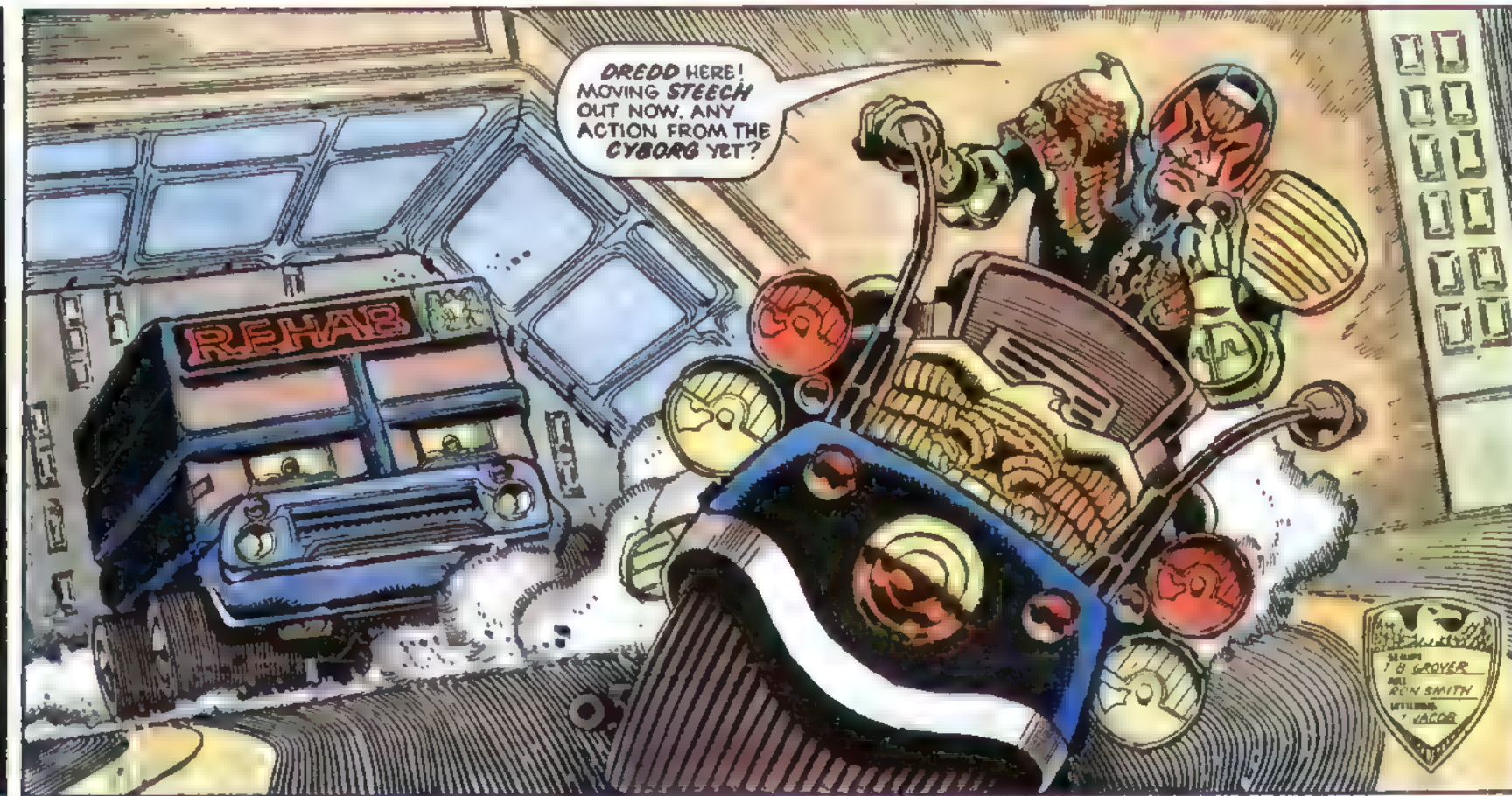
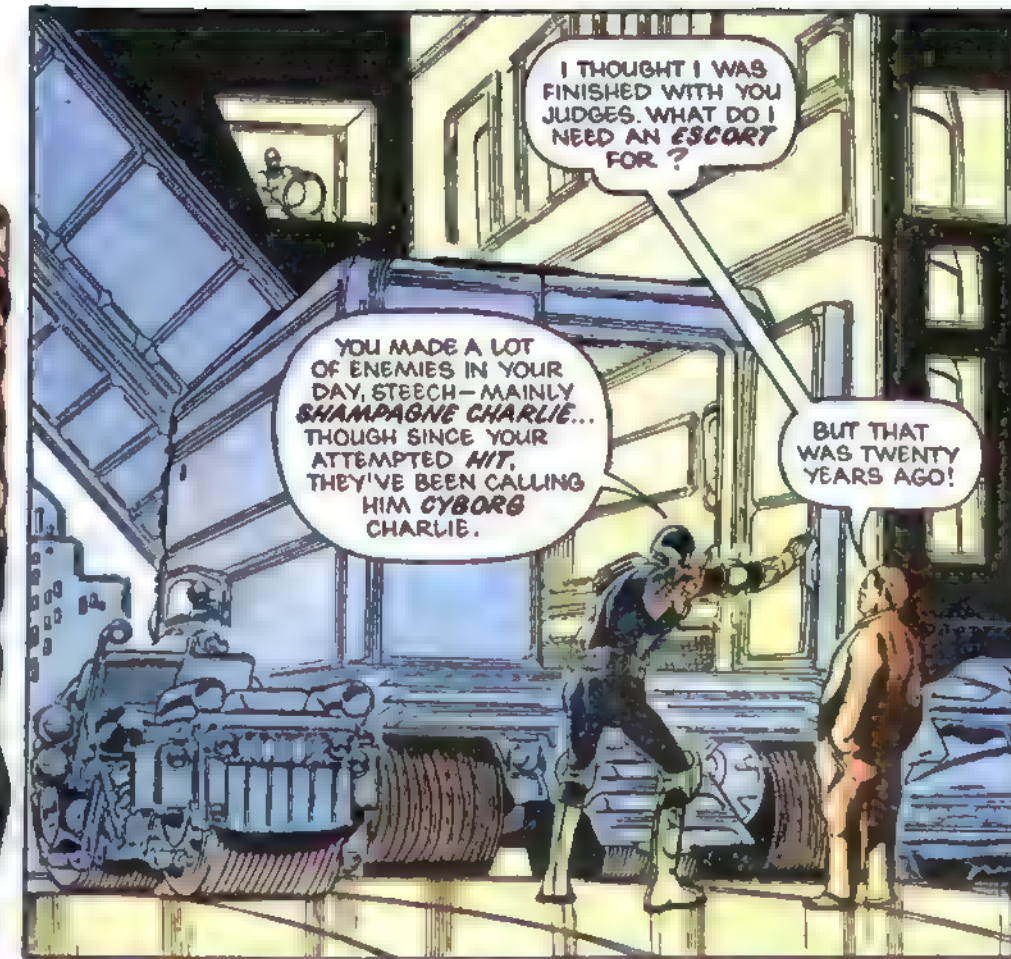
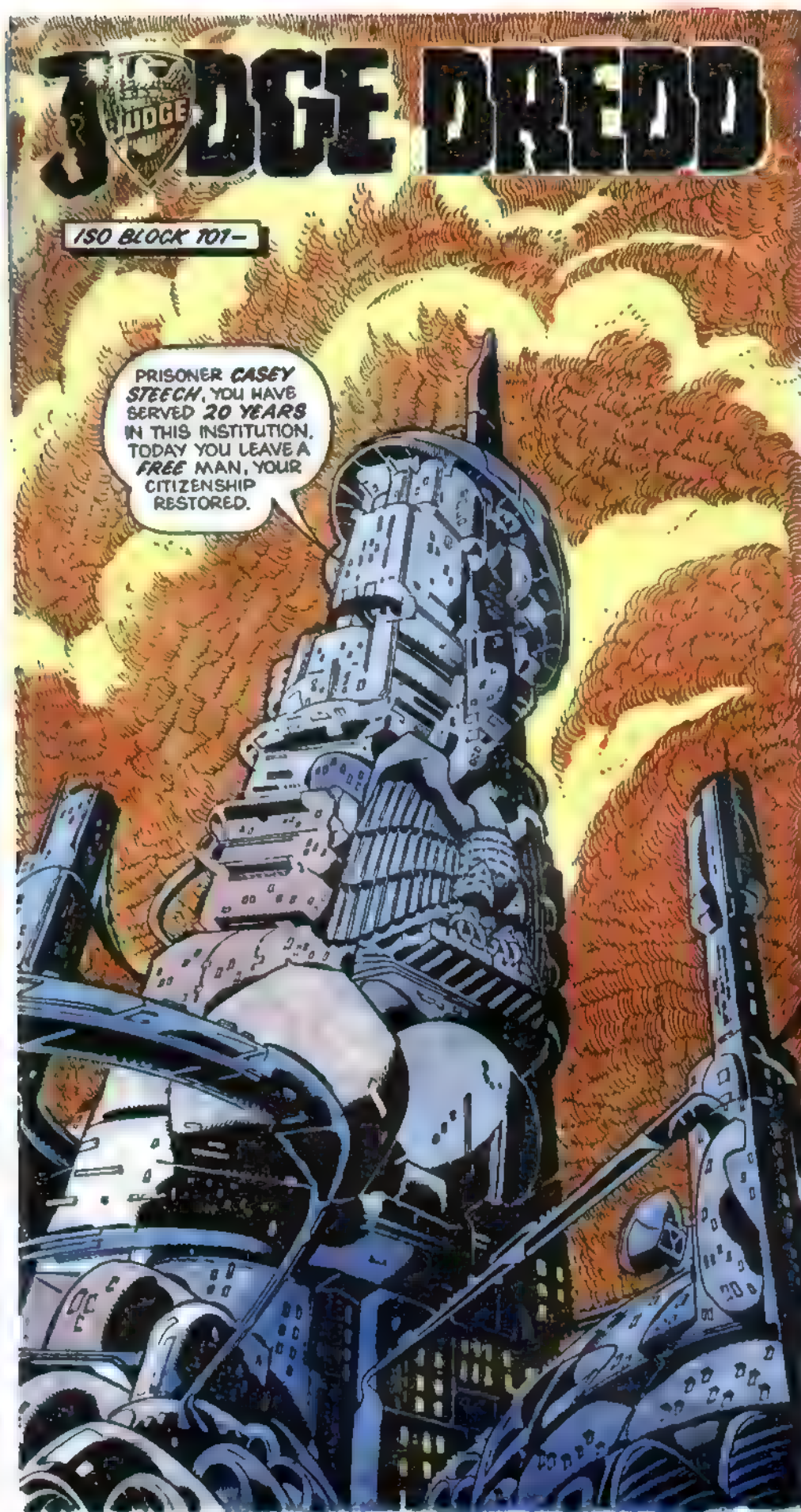
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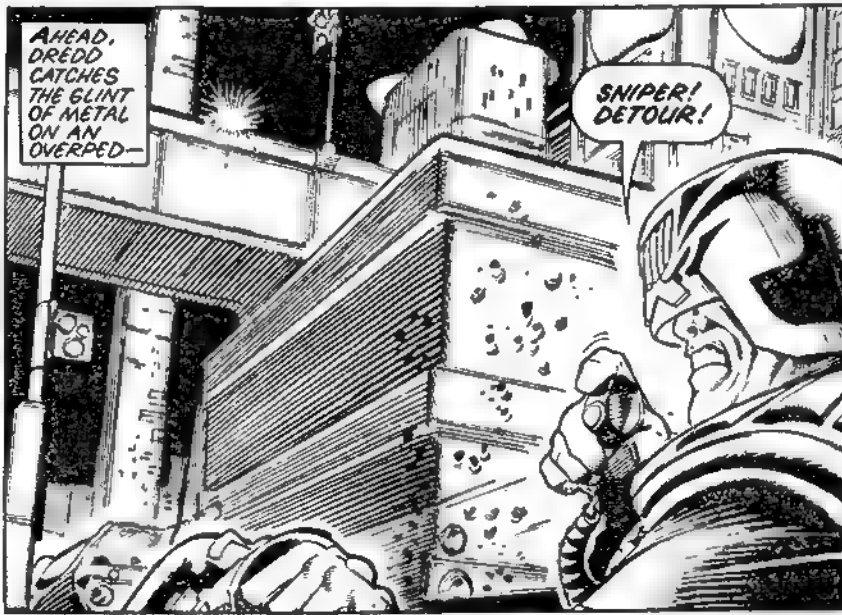
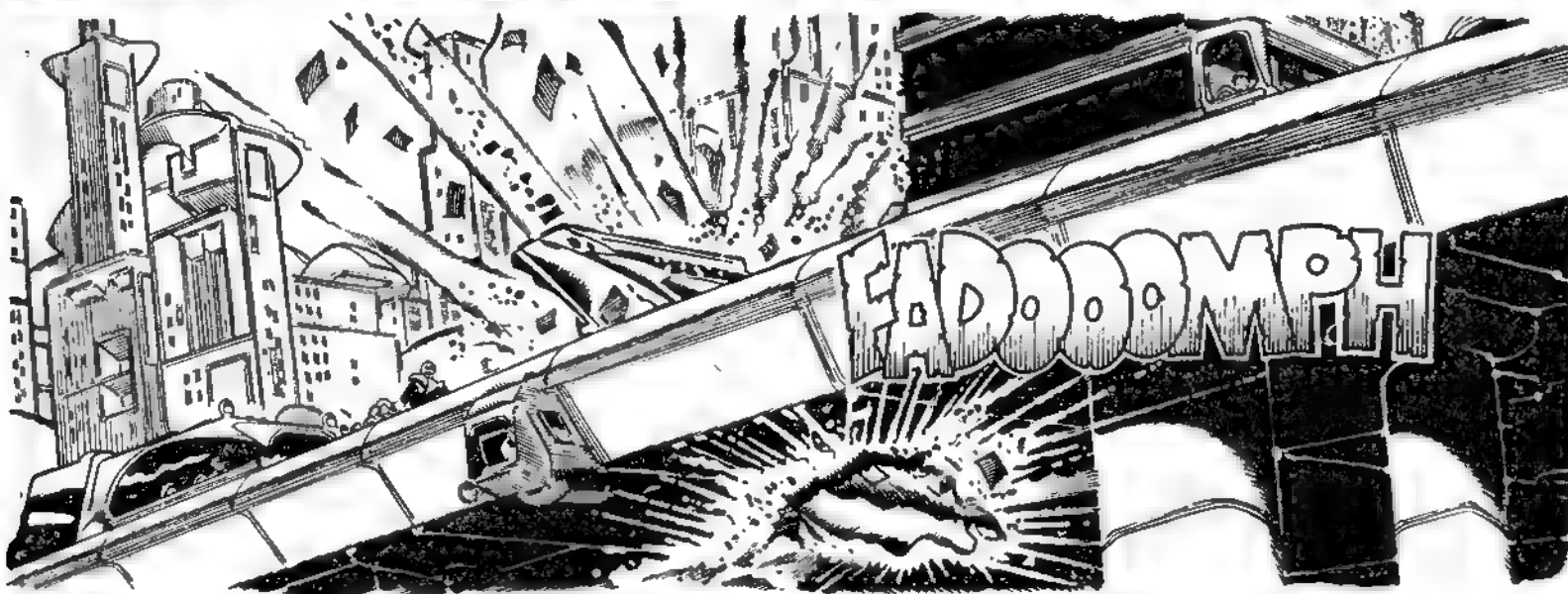
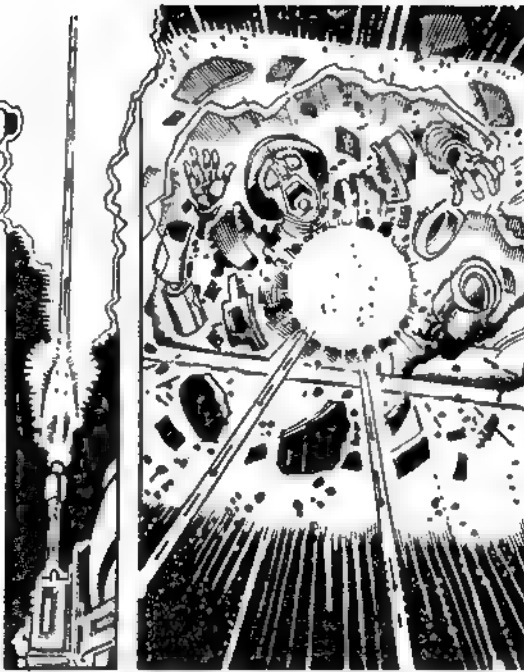
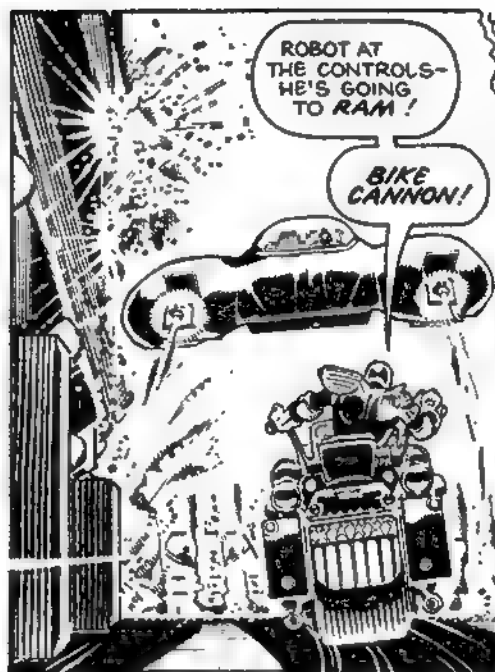


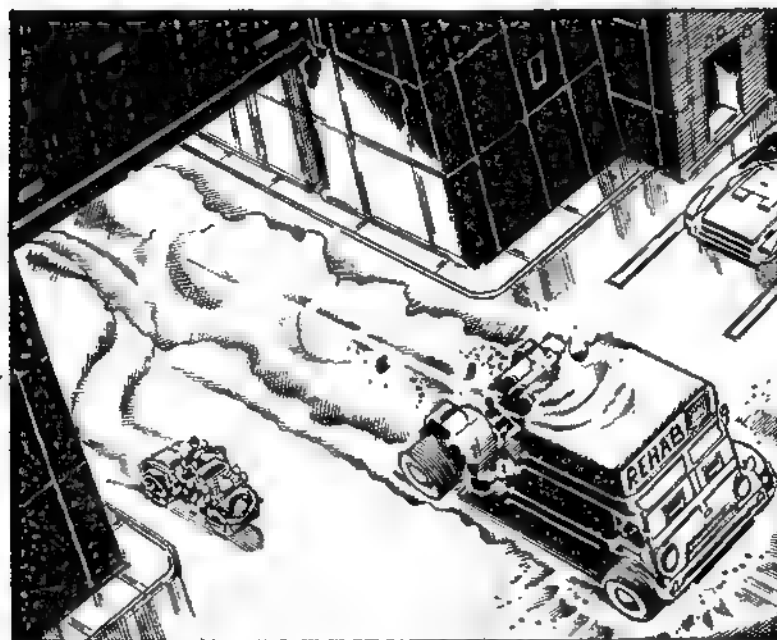
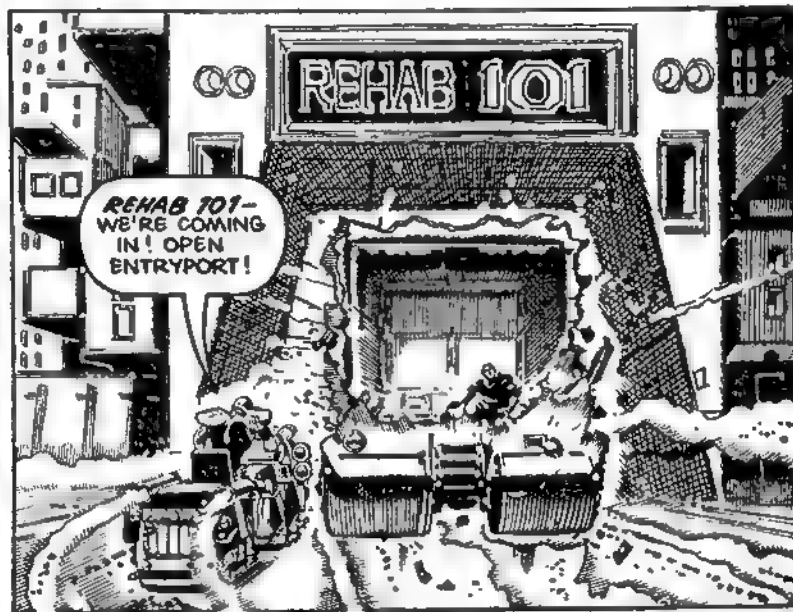
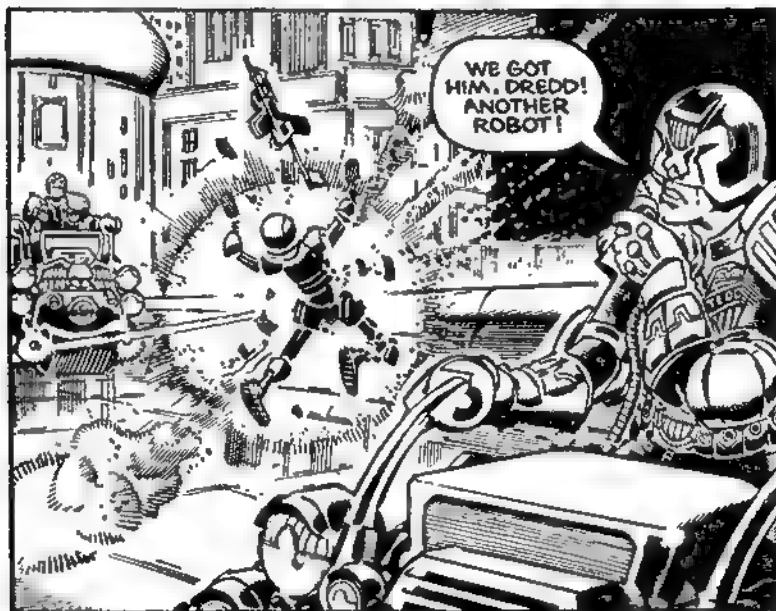
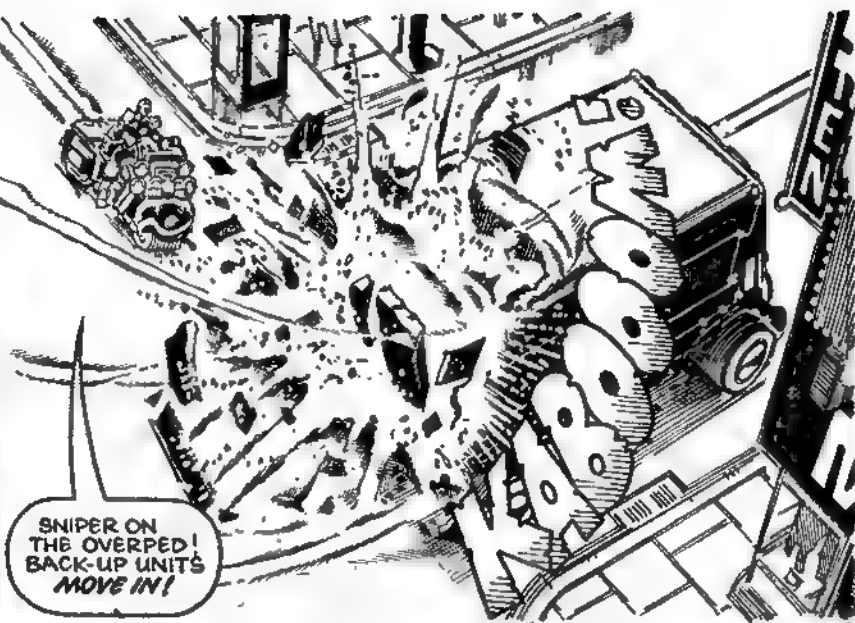
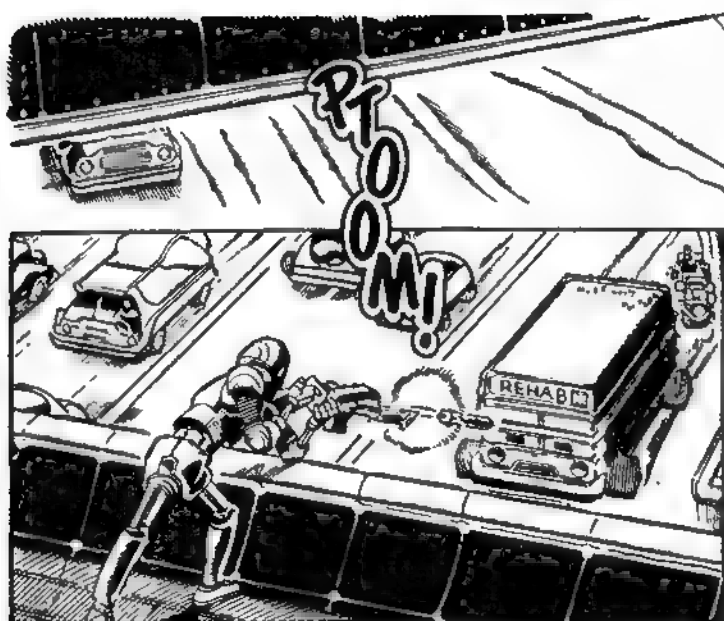




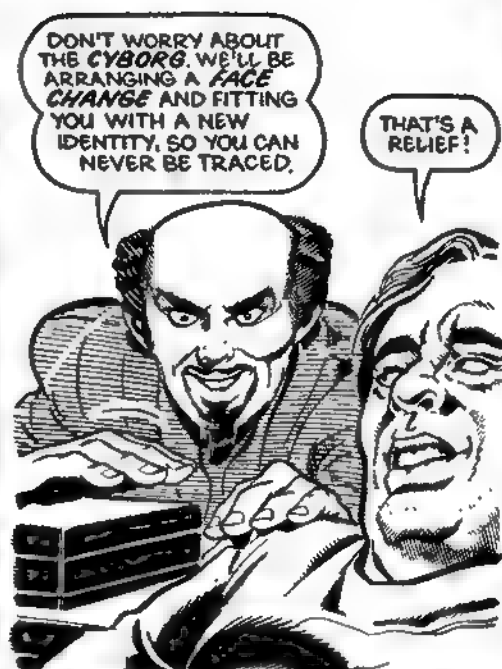


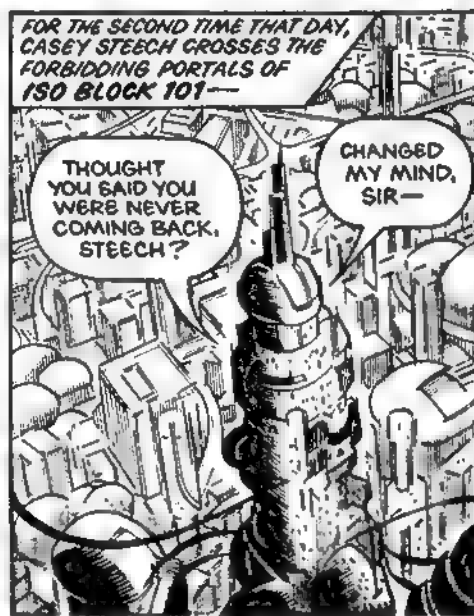














BACK IN ACTION! THE GENETIC INFANTRYMAN WITH A CHIP ON HIS SHOULDER... AND HIS HEAD... AND HIS GUN!

...SO THEN I SAYS  
TO THE DOC— HEY!  
WHAT'S UP, ROGUE?

THAT  
NATIVE TEMPLE—  
COULD BE AN  
ENEMY HIDE-  
OUT!

# ROGUE TROOPER



SOON—

ROGUE'S  
OUT FOR THE  
COUNT, GUYS.

WHY NOT SACK-  
OUT HERE? WE'LL  
STAND GUARD  
FOR YOU.

YEAH BEEN  
MARCHING NON-  
STOP SINCE WE  
CROSSED INTO  
THIS ZONE.

AS ALWAYS,  
WHEN DO WE  
GET TO REST  
UP?

AS FAR AS  
ROGUE'S CONCERNED,  
WE'RE JUST BITS  
O' BIOWARE.

BACK  
ENTRANCE, IF  
THERE ARE  
BUSHWACKERS  
HERE, WE'LL  
SURPRISE  
'EM!

NOTHING BUT  
NORT GRAFFITI.  
SORRY, GUYS.

BEST TO BE  
SAFE, ROGUE—  
BUT YOU HAVE  
BEEN A BIT  
JIMPY THESE  
PAST FEW  
DAYS...

2000AD  
Credit Card:  
SCRIPT ROBOT  
G. FINLEY-DAY  
ART ROBOT  
JOSE ORTIZ  
LETTERING ROBOT  
TONY JACOB

COMPU-73



RIGHT!  
HE FORGETS  
WE'RE HUMAN  
TOO.



THAT'S  
NOT FAIR,  
GUNNAR!



FAIR OR NOT,  
IT'S TRUE, BAGMAN—  
AND YOU KNOW IT!



IT'S THE ENEMY,  
ALL RIGHT. JUDGING  
BY THEIR SPEECH  
PATTERNS, I'D SAY  
THEY'RE A  
SUB-SPECIES.



HOLD YOUR SYNTH,  
HELM. MY SENSORS  
DETECT APPROACHING  
BI-PEDS!



THIS ZONE'S  
NOT ALLIES?  
I'LL EYEBALL THEM  
TO CHECK!

HELM'S MARK II G.I. HELMET CONTAINED  
A LASER-SCANNER, CONCEALED BEHIND  
HIS BIOCHIP.



RELAY  
THE IMAGE  
TO ME, HELM.  
THEY'RE  
GETTING  
CLOSER!



GRUANZA!

TRASHKA!

HUSHAKLANA!



PRIMITIVES,  
HUH? I'LL GIVE  
'EM A LESSON  
IN MODERN  
TECHNOLOGY!

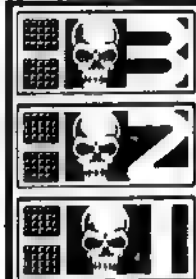
EASY ON THAT  
AUTO-TRIGGER,  
GUNNAR. I'VE  
GOT A BETTER  
IDEA...



I RECKON  
WE CAN SCARE  
OFF THOSE  
DUMBOS  
WITHOUT  
FIRING A  
SHOT!

WHAT DO  
WE WANNA  
DO THAT FOR?  
I LIKE  
KILLING!

YEAH!



LISTEN. DEAL WITH THEM  
CLEVERLY. AND YOU'LL PROVE  
TO ROGUS WE'RE NOT  
JUST MACHINES!

WHILE HE SLEEPS  
THROUGH IT?  
NO CHANCE!

ROGUS IS IN A DEEP ONE—  
HE WON'T HEAR A THING!  
TELL US THE PLAN, BAGMAN.









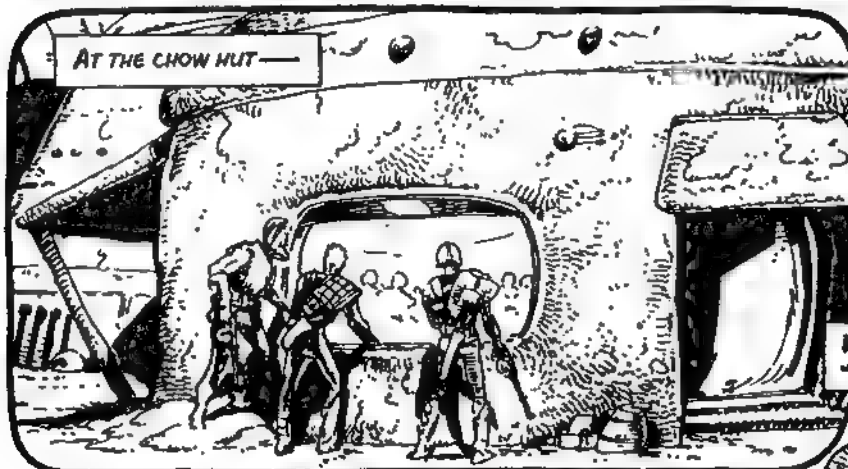


THE CLEAN-UP OF PLANET BURRITO'S NOTORIOUS OUTLAW REFUGE, THE 49TH TERRITORY, IS UNDER WAY. BUT STRONTIUM DOG JOHNNY ALPHA IS ON THE TRAIL OF THE BIGGEST GAME OF ALL—XEN THE BRAINWRAITH, A BEING OF ECTOPLASMIC ENERGY WHO DWELLS IN HIS VICTIM'S BRAIN.

NOW, THE TRAIL BRINGS THEM TO AN ISOLATED BADLANDS MINE—

# Strontium Dog





WARPED FROM BIRTH BY A RADIOACTIVE STRONTIUM SHOWER, JOHNNY'S EYES EMIT PIERCING ALPHA RAYS—

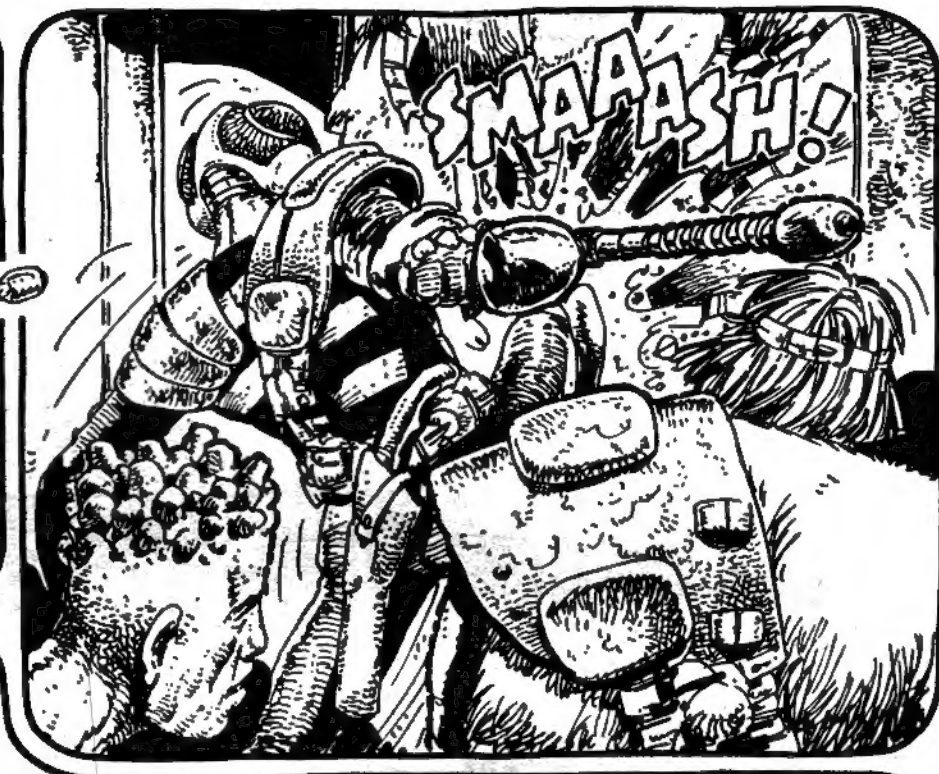






XEN'S THERE —  
IN THE COOK!

LET US BE  
HAVING HIM!



SMAASH!



BOUNTYHUNTERS!

YOU — THE COOK! STAND WHERE YOU ARE!  
THE REST OF YOU — OUTSIDE!



WHAT DO YOU WANT  
WITH COOKY?

HANE O' YOUR BUSINESS,  
NOSEY! GET BACK TAB  
YER WORK. KEEP OOT O'  
OOR WAY AN' YE'LL NO  
GET HURT!



WH-WHAT HAVE  
I DONE?

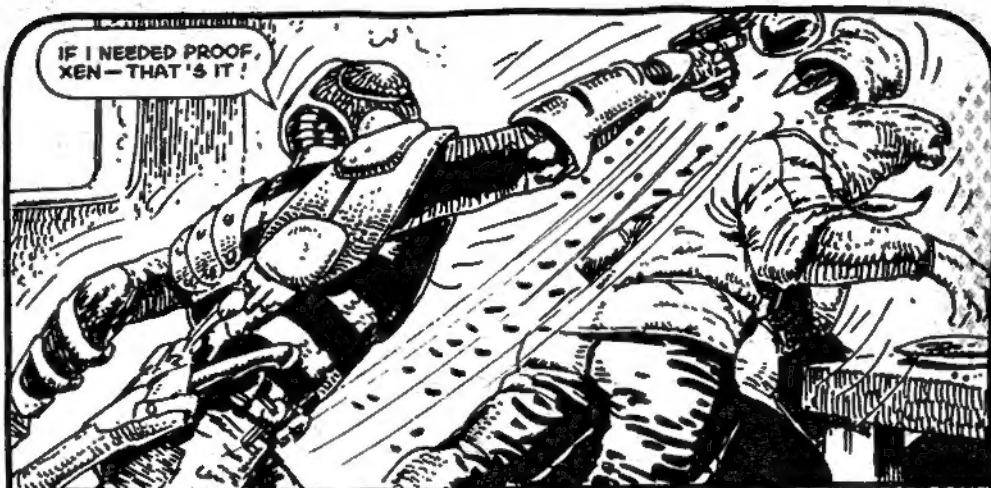
SAVE IT, XEN. WE KNOW  
YOU'RE IN THERE. COME OUT!



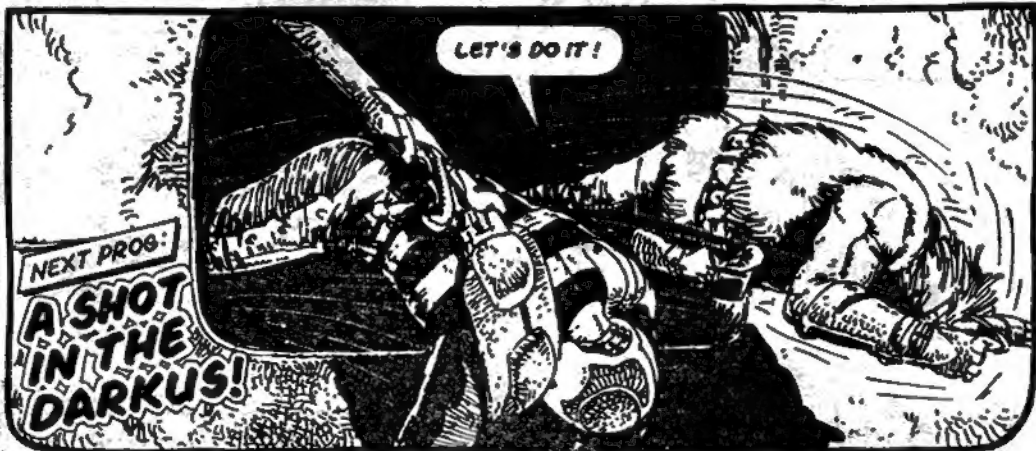
XEN? I DUNNO WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT!  
YOU'RE CRAZY! I DON'T HAVE TO STAND FOR  
THIS —

NOT VUN STEP  
FURTHER,  
VOORM!

DON'T LET HIM  
TOUCH YOU, WULF!





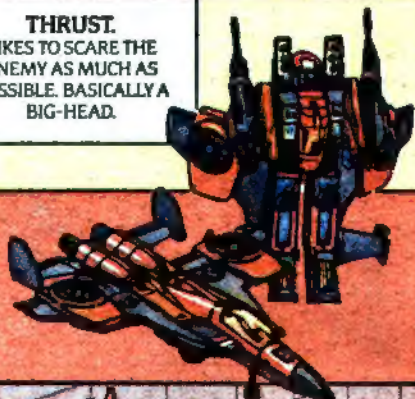




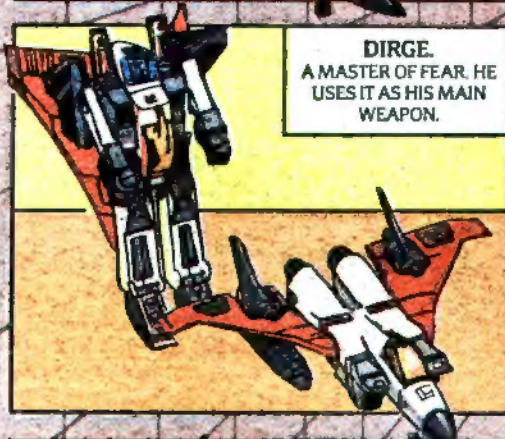


THE EVIL DECEPTICONS HAVE COME TO DESTROY EARTH. ONLY THE HEROIC AUTOBOTS CAN SAVE US! BUT EVERY DECEPTICON IS A FORCE TO BE RECKONED WITH. AND TOGETHER, THEY JUST MIGHT BE UNSTOPPABLE...

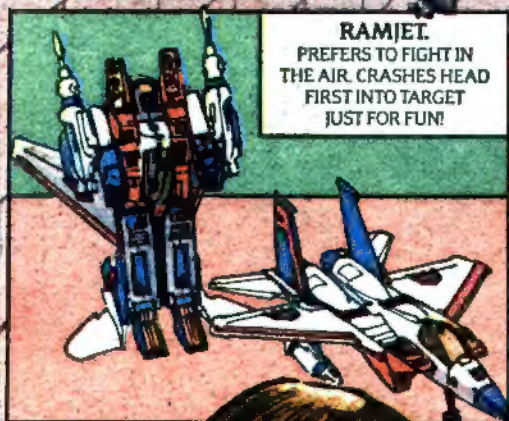
**THRUST.**  
LIKES TO SCARE THE ENEMY AS MUCH AS POSSIBLE. BASICALLY A BIG-HEAD.



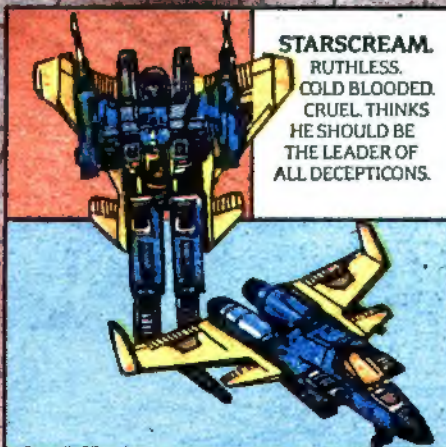
**DIRGE.**  
A MASTER OF FEAR. HE USES IT AS HIS MAIN WEAPON.



**RAMJET.**  
PREFERS TO FIGHT IN THE AIR. CRASHES HEAD FIRST INTO TARGET JUST FOR FUN!



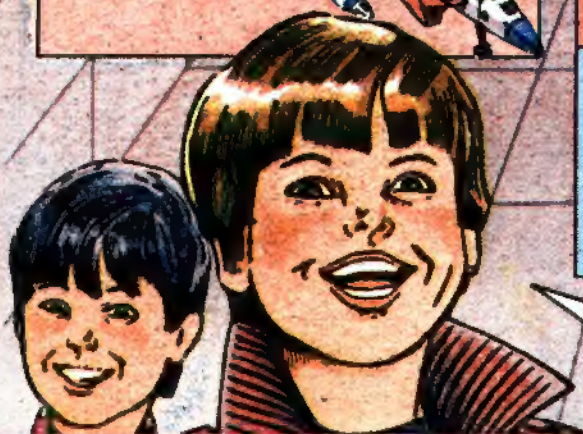
**STARSCREAM.**  
RUTHLESS. COLD BLOODED. CRUEL. THINKS HE SHOULD BE THE LEADER OF ALL DECEPTICONS.



**SPY CASSETTES, RAVAGE, FRENZY, LASERBEAK AND OTHERS.**  
CUNNING AND COMPACT, THE SPY CASSETTES ACT AS SPIES AND MESSENGERS FOR THE EVIL DECEPTICONS.



LOOK OUT FOR THE EVIL DECEPTICONS!  
THEY'RE IN THE SHOPS NOW!



THE BATTLE BETWEEN  
GOOD & EVIL GOES ON!

# THE TRANSFORMERS™

## ROBOTS IN DISGUISE